

THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE THEY DID TWENTY YEARS AGO

How J. Pierpont Morgan, Thomas A. Edison, "Uncle Joe" Cannon, Kaiser Wilhelm II., John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie Looked at Eventful Periods in Their Careers.



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, WIFE AND SON.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

"UNCLE" JOE CANNON.

THOMAS A. EDISON.

There was a time when John D. Rockefeller was neither bald nor crowned with a wig. Besides showing him with his original hair on, the photograph reveals him as the proud and happy grandfather for the first time, and not at all the Standard Oil king.

Nobody outside financial circles had heard much of J. Pierpont Morgan when this photograph was taken, and the public did not realize that this was a

name to conjure with until quite a while after it was taken, either. The photograph was taken in the late eighties, when railroads in trouble began to straighten out their finances by resorting to the services of Mr. Morgan. From then on till 1906, when he organized the steel trust, Mr. Morgan was kept busy giving expert advice to all sorts of corporations needing it. Incidentally, during this period he "built up the best individual credit in

the world." The present Kaiser and Kaiserin, when Crown Prince and Crown Princess, and the present Crown Prince, when six years old. Taken in 1887 in Berlin. A very rare photograph; probably not another in this country. The original was obtained from the private collection of photographs of a well known millionaire. A year after the photograph was taken the Crown Prince became the Kaiser. One of his first acts was to rid

himself of Bismarck, and ever since he has kept the world looking his way.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon at the beginning of the nineties, and a short while before the beginning in 1891 of the two years' interregnum in his congressional career. There isn't quite so much hair on his head as there was then. His Egyptian beard has thinned appreciably and is gray, and the wrinkles around his nose have deepened considerably, but he is still the rugged, very Cannon of

the world.

The Andrew Carnegie of sixteen years ago. He was then Carnegie the money-maker; at that time he was making millions faster, probably, than any other man has ever put together enormous wealth from manufactures. Then, too, he had become universally recognized as the world's leading iron master. He was at the apex of his career as an industrial business man. Not till ten years later did he enunciate the principle

that to die rich is to die disgraced; and at the time the photograph was taken he was not known beyond a very small circle for any public benefactions whatsoever.

Thomas A. Edison and his speaking photograph before the National Academy of Science, April, 1878. Mr. Edison, then called professor, was thirty-one years old. He had lately invented his phonograph and was engaged in demonstrating it to a rather skeptical public that he

had a machine that could really talk. His appearance and his machine's performance before the National Academy of Science set at rest all doubts that the scientific world had harbored concerning the new invention. But today would associate the photograph shown in the photograph with the phonograph as it now appears in the size that particular, while the smiling family likeness to it sing "Waiting at the Church" and other popular airs.

present Kaiser as Crown Prince, and the present Crown Prince as a sturdy little chap of some six years.

You know what the six men look like today. You know what they looked like in the years that are gone. Can you tell by contrasting the likenesses what the successful part each man has played in the world's history since the old picture was taken has done to the man himself?

WHO does not delight to get out a family album and see what relatives and friends looked like in the days gone by?

Who has not passed many an hour scribbling the out-of-date dress, smiling at the expressions, long since vanished, discovering a facial trait that

Hogers still, causing the comment, "Why, he looks like that now?"

Here are six pictures showing how six men, whose present-day photographs are familiar to practically every newspaper and magazine reader, looked fifteen, twenty and nearly thirty years ago.

Each picture was taken at a time when the man was at an eventful period of

his career, or was about to enter such a period.

The picture of Kaiser Wilhelm II. shows him just a year before he became the head of the German Empire.

That of Edison was taken when he was in the midst of proving to a rather skeptical world that he had a machine that really talked.

Here is J. Pierpont Morgan at the beginning of his career as railroad and corporation reorganizer; Andrew Carnegie when he had fully arrived as the leading iron master of the world; "Uncle Joe" Cannon, when he was about to leave the halls of Congress, where he had been prominent since '74, for a brief interregnum of a term.

And last, here is John D. Rockefeller—not as the head of the Standard Oil Company, but as a happy and proud grandfather for the first time. Then, too, he had not lost his hair.

It would, perhaps, be impossible to duplicate these photographs for general circulation, just as it would be well nigh impossible to duplicate the old faces in

the family album for any purpose whatever.

The photographs have been secured from two private collections of photographs. A well known millionaire spent thousands of dollars making one collection, ransacking the photographs of famous men and women. One of the photographs from this collection is that showing the

present Kaiser as Crown Prince, and the present Crown Prince as a sturdy little chap of some six years.

You know what the six men look like today. You know what they looked like in the years that are gone. Can you tell by contrasting the likenesses what the successful part each man has played in the world's history since the old picture was taken has done to the man himself?

present Kaiser as Crown Prince, and the present Crown Prince as a sturdy little chap of some six years.

DOUKHOBORS ARE BUILDING CANADA'S RAILROADS



A VILLAGE GANG OF DOUKHOBORS LUNCHING IN THE FIELD.



PETER VERIGIN, The Czar of the Doukhobors.



A GANG OF DOUKHOBOR CARPENTERS.

only in their own towns and religion, and who care not little for the general welfare of the country. The matter will be brought up before Parliament, and attempts will be made to force the Doukhobors to take their lands in severalty. So far they seem to have no desire to do this. They are contented with Peter Verigin as a manager and with their community system. I am told they look upon Verigin as a sort of a czar and priest, and that he could, if he wished, exert their vote as a whole.

The Russian Village System in Canada.

These Doukhobors are introducing the Russian village system into the British Northwest, and that much to the disgust of the Canadian government. By an especial arrangement made upon their coming into Canada by Verigin and his associates, they were awarded their lands in a block or blocks, and they have divided them up among their villages, each village holding a certain amount of land in common. The ordinary village contains about forty families, or, altogether, about 20 souls, and they have a common title to the land. Each village has built its own granary, where its oats, wheat and other crops are stored. It has a common treasury, and it pays its agricultural implements and other things as a whole. It may give an order for a dozen plows at a time, or for enough threshing machines to harvest the village wheat crop. The people work together. Both men and women go out to the fields, and they have about the same customs and habits as are to be found in the hundred thousand and more villages which make up the Russian empire.

Does Not Suit the Canucks.

This situation is not pleasing to the rest of the Canadians. It destroys individuality, and it makes a foreign body in the heart of the New Canada. The Dominion government wants every one of its settlers to be a citizen interested in the building up of Canada. It objects to a lot of Russian fanatics, who are interested

only in their own towns and religion, and who care not little for the general welfare of the country. The matter will be brought up before Parliament, and attempts will be made to force the Doukhobors to take their lands in severalty. So far they seem to have no desire to do this. They are contented with Peter Verigin as a manager and with their community system. I am told they look upon Verigin as a sort of a czar and priest, and that he could, if he wished, exert their vote as a whole.

The first trouble with the government came when the census was taken. The Doukhobors refused to give any information as to their numbers, ages or sexes, and were apparently afraid they might be subject to military conscription. Some of them have refused to register births, marriages and deaths, and most of them object to the public school system. What they were told that their children needed education they replied that they did not believe in our system of teaching and that they preferred to educate their own children in their own way.

Spirit Wrestlers.

During his stay in Canada this year I learned a great deal about the Doukhobors, and had frequent talks with government officials as to their condition and prospects. They are one of the queerest of all the communities which have settled on the North American continent, and they rank in some respects with the communities found here and there in the United States. The basis of their organization is religion. They are an offshoot of the Orthodox Russian Church, and their name, Doukhobor, is said to have originated because they are wrestling with crime, by the aid of the Holy Spirit. "Spirit wrestling" is said to mean that they are wrestling against the Holy Spirit, instead of with Him.

These people were persecuted in Russia. It is a part of their religion to refuse military service, and the Russian officials and others have oppressed and tortured them in various ways. Peter the Great banished them to the Caucasus Mountains, where they formed a colony of 3,000 or more, and from where they came to the United States. The first colony landed in Canada about eight years ago, and there are now some 10,000 of them in the country. It is probable that half of all the Doukhobors of the world live in Canada, the Russian colonies of the

country being the only others.

In their coming the Doukhobors were aided by the Quakers. A subscription to the amount of \$9,000 was raised in Philadelphia, and in London the Society of Friends subscribed \$8,000 more. The Canadian government spent about \$5,000 in the way of bonuses and in transportation, and other subscriptions were made by well known Russians. Count Tolstoy, for instance, gave \$17,000, and one of the parties which came was in charge of Sergius Tolstoy, Prince Nikoloff, the nephew of the Russian Minister of Railroads, was one of the men who came here to look up a location, and altogether they have been aided greatly. Their ships, stored out from the Black Sea and came through the Strait of Gibraltar and across the Atlantic. When they landed in Canada the railroads made them a rate of 4¢ for the long ride to Winnipeg, and when they reached there the Canadian Department of the Interior paid each of them a bonus of \$5 for coming. There were more than 7,000 arrivals within a short time, and more than \$2,000 was so paid out.

Over 350,000 Acres of Land.

These Doukhobors now own almost 350,000 acres of some of the best soil in Canada. They were first granted 25,000 acres, but later this was increased to 200,000, and in addition they have already purchased some 200,000 acres more. A small amount of the land is recorded in the name of Peter Verigin, but most of it, as I have said, is held by the villages as such, and they will not consent to its subdivision. In other parts of Canada the government only grants alternate homesteads, but the Doukhobors were able to have their lands given them in blocks. The Canadian officials not realizing the dangers of the communal system as to a group of foreigners like these.

In the Doukhobor Villages.

These Doukhobor villages look like a slice of Russia cut out of the Black Plain and dropped down upon North America, save that the houses are better and the people more thrifty. The average village is one long road with a row of cottages on each side. The buildings are of wood and frame, but the roofs are often of thatch or turf. Many of the houses are made of logs, well chinked and plastered. The windows are of small panes with heavy wooden shutters, which are closed at night. Plenty

of whitewash is used and everything gleams. The average house is of one story, and it has seldom more than two rooms. The principal room serves as dining-room, bedroom and kitchen. It has a great chimney at one side, with a beko oven connection, a wide bench runs around the wall for use as chairs during the day and beds at night, and a table is in most cases the rest of the furniture.

A Queer Bath-House.

The houses are much better kept than in Russia. I have traveled thousands of miles through the czar's farming regions, seldom finding a decent home that is sanitary or clean. The Canadian Doukhobor women scrub almost as much as the Dutch, and all the people take regular sweat baths. Every village has its bath-house. This is a little log cabin containing a beko oven. It is entered by a low door, but has no windows or other openings. When the bath-house is to be used the oven is heated red hot, and then the bathers enter stark naked, each carrying a bucket or so of water. They throw these on the red hot stones, and within a few moments the house is filled with steam. Each bath has a bench of willow twigs with which he whips and rubs every part of his body. In a short time he begins to perspire, and it is not long before he is thoroughly cleansed.

A Thrifty Community.

The Doukhobors are rapidly amassing wealth. I was told in Winnipeg that they had brought in as much as \$200,000 at one time, and that they are steadily improving their property and towns. They

are now building elevators for their own grain and have put up mills to grind their own flour. Some of their villages have constructed saw mills and houses of mills and some will put up wooden mills.

As it is now the Doukhobors have their own sheep and spin the cloth for their clothes. Much of their machinery is being craved for steam and they have some steam plows. I understand that they have discovered clay on their land, and that they expect to put up a brick plant and have brick dwellings for the future. They also talk of a narrow-gauge railway to connect their villages, and they will probably introduce the telephone soon. Their communal system gives them a large capital to work with, and their lack of advantage of this by buying their supplies at wholesale and at low rates. As it is now each village has one large stable for its horses, another for its cattle, and a shed for its agricultural implements. This is in striking contrast with the average Canadian settler, who leaves his machinery and other his stock out of doors at the mercy of both wind and weather.

The Naked Fanatics.

It will be seen from the above that the average Doukhobor is a good citizen. Indeed, were it not for his communal interests he would be far better than most of the other European who are now coming into Canada. There are many exceptions, however, and especially the fanatics. The Doukhobors have among them a number of men and women who seem half-crazy on the subject of religion, and who every now and then break out in what might be called a spiritual revival, which is far more radical than any revival in the United States.

most disturbing groups of living statuary ever taken by a camera.

The Government and the Pilgrimages.

The Canadian government has been trying to stop these pilgrimages. It has arrested the pilgrims and made them put on their clothes, and even held them for some time in prison. In 1902 a number of Doukhobors turned their horses, cattle and sheep out on the prairie, and at another time they got the idea they should have nothing to do with metal, and the women cut the hooks and eyes out of their garments. Some said that they should not work the earth, for fear they would spoil it, and some threw away their axes, because certain animals had been released of their skins to make them.

The Icelanders of Canada.

The Canadian government is doing all it can to discourage immigration. It had

about 15,000 new settlers last year, of whom more than 10,000 came from the United States, and about 45,000 from Great Britain. There were something like 40,000 from other parts of Europe. The only restriction in such matters is as to the Chinese, who are taxed \$50 per head upon landing. To 1905 almost 5,000,000 acres of free lands were granted to settlers.

Amongst the best of the foreign immigrants are the Icelanders. We often think of that country of cold and snow as inhabited by Eskimos or Indians, but the truth is it is a colony of Denmark, and its people are among the brightest and best looking of the Danes. The men are strong and robust, and the women are beautiful. The first colony of Icelanders came to Canada about twenty years ago. They were assisted by the Dominion government, and settled on the west shore of Lake Winnipeg, where they first cleared a few farms, and then other Icelanders have settled in Southern Manitoba, and from time to time many have moved to Winnipeg. They are now some found scattered over the whole half. These are the best of the foreign immigrants in Canada, and there are two beautiful newspapers published in Winnipeg.

In the larger settlements these people build some very handsome, and in a rare case, prefer to wear white muslin dresses, most of their children go to the public schools and do good studies.

The Galicians of Canada.

There is a large number of Galicians in the New Canada. These people come from the Carpathian mountains between Russia and Rumania. They were first brought to Canada about ten years ago, and have since that time been settling in different parts of the wheat belt. They have many names, including, Bosc, Bosc, and Bosc, and they are very hard working and very honest. At the end of the year the average Galician has a good house and barn, and usually an extra farm. In addition to his homestead, which the government has granted him.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.